



A New

# S O N G:

OR,

## The Old Womans Wish.

*To the Tune of the Old Mans Wish.*

I

Since Beauty now fails  
And I find I decay,  
Let this be my Wish;  
In a Chimney not gay,  
May I have a warme corner  
And a Bench that's compleat  
And a cleanly young Wench  
To sweep the Hearth neat.

*May I govern the Young  
By my wholesome advice;  
And as older, grow nearer  
To be stil'd prophetess;  
Without pride, yet my name  
Than the Sibills not less*

II.

In a Garden that's furnish'd  
With herbs for the Still,  
And a bed of choice Sallets,  
Which I weed at my will;  
With a spacious Meade,  
And a delicate Cow  
And an Arbour to set  
And heare Colly to low:

*May I govern the Young &c.*

III.

With a boild Chick on Sunday,  
And a Dumpling that's soft,  
And a full teeming Jug,  
With a motto that Oft

May have puzzled the learnd,  
By the Old Sages writ;  
Which in Letters of blew,  
Is stain'd round about it.

*May I govern the Young &c.*

IV.

With a Book of Feat tales,  
And pleasant Old Story's  
And riddles by Saxons made  
Long lived before us:  
With a dish of Minc'd Meat,  
Or Pigs Pettitoes;  
No gristles nor Brawn,  
To give dangerous blows.

*May I govern the Young &c.*

V.

With a Conscience untainted,  
May I pass my last day,  
And when I am gon,  
May the good Women say  
In the Morning at mattens,  
In the E'en at her Ale,  
She's gon, and he's happy  
Can tell out her tale:

*For she govern'd the Young  
By her wholesome advice;  
And as older grew nearer,  
To be stil'd prophetess;  
Without pride, yet her name  
Then the Sibills not less.*

By S P.

LONDON, Printed by G. Croom, over against Baynard's Castle in Thames-street. 1684.